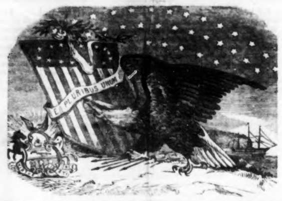
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1539.

Choice Poetry.

THE HUSBAND'S WISDOM.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I never danced, I never sung,
In the days when I was young;
Fierce ambition stirred my blood
To be great, yet to be good;
To captivate the souls of men,
To rule them with my voice or pen,
Upon their minds' blank leaves to write
Thoughts of beauty—things of might—
I pined and yearned for power and name,
And thought earth's brightest blessing, fame.

I lived in sadness and unrest,
I knew not what was worst or best;
I had a folly in my brain
That brought me discontent and pain;
I was alone, and stood aloof
On barren summits, pleasure-proof;
Still, upgazing and erect,
Nursing haughty intellect;
Sanguinary—oh, the sorrow!—
Bright to-day, for dim to-morrow.

Fame, power, riches, lured me on—
Oh, the madness!—it has gone.
Neither of them I despise,
But view them with serener eyes.
And only ask of pitying fate
The blessings of a medium state;
For I have found that fame and gold
And dominion manifold,
Are but other names to care,
Toil, contention, and despair.

If they choose to pass my way,
They are welcome—they can stay;
I can reason on their course,
And be wiser in their scorn.
If they choose to pass aside,
I'll not grieve, whate'er betide.
Though my gray hairs amid the brown
Have warned me that my path goes down,
I've learned a lesson in my prime
And how to make a friend of Time.

I only ask that Heaven will grant
Sufficient for my modest wants—
Best gifts that fortune can impart

[...]

And make the happy moments pass
In the endearments of our eyes,
In mute or spoken sympathies,
And live our lives as nature meant,
Loving—hopeful—and content?

Can we not make each day bestow
A solace for the daily woe?
Can we not find a good in ill?
And weave life's web, though chequered still,
So that the needful warp of Duty
May fit the woof of Joy and Beauty?
Oh, yes!—Sorrowing Ambition—pass—
I'm somewhat wiser than I was;—
I know, I'm happy—go your way!
I love you on my wedding day.

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE: OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS. A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

At the first report of the pistol the children had flown to Mary for protection; they now remained around her, pale and silent, with tearless grief and terror. She was reclining where she had sunk, lying a little over on her side, and supporting her head with her left hand, while her right hand pressed the blue silk scarf in a wisp to her breast. Josey knelt by her side, pale and still. Broke Shields was running up the hill towards the house, whither, also, the old fiddler hobbled as fast as he could go. A perfect silence reigned, until Judge Washington, without his hat—his hair flying—was seen hurrying down the hill, followed by Adam Hawk, Prince William, Polly, and others. Then the children left Mary, and hurried off to meet him; each eager, amid fear and sorrow, to give his or her report. Scarcely heeding them, Judge Washington hastened to Mary—knelt—raised her upon his knee—looked, with anguish, in her face—her face, calm, except for a slight contraction of the brow, and quivering of the lip, that be-

[...]

been misinformed—the terror and confusion—Mrs. Washington—"

"Mary has been wounded—come and see her, at once," said the Judge, with forced calmness, and led the way into the house, and up into Mary's chamber.

She lay upon the bed—pale, still, silent, and patient, with both hands pressing a napkin to her breast, and as before, only revealing the agony of her wound by a slight corrugation of the eye-brows, quivering of the lips, and spasmodic twitching of her hands.

The doctor approached—and while addressing a few soothing words of encouragement and hope, examined the wound. Judge Washington, in the meantime, standing in the shadow, to conceal the anguish he could not control. With all her heroism, Mary winced and quivered at the slightest touch in one direction. With all his self-command, the doctor could not help betraying the increasing and intense anxiety he felt, as the examination progressed. When it was ended, he turned to the Judge and said—

"Send post to Baltimore, for Doctor ———," (naming the most eminent surgeon of the country.)

"I will! I will!—but, good Heaven! *is there time?*" added the Judge, in a low voice.

"*There is a chance*—let there be not a moment's delay."

Down hastened Judge Washington to the stables, and dispatched Prince, upon the fleetest horse in the stable, telling him to ride day and night, till he reached his destination, for, even then, it would take two days and nights before the surgeon could reach Prospect Hall.

In the meantime, Dr. McWalters, advised and assisted by another physician of some local celebrity, used his best skill for her relief. But all that night Mary lay in patient, silent agony, lest she should give unnecessary pain to her father, who kept his watch by her bedside, in the deepest trouble. When he would bend over her, and discover by the spasms of anguish that would traverse her face, that she was not asleep, he would ask—

"Mary, my love, is your wound painful?"

She would willingly have answered "no," or, "not much," but truth forbade her, and she said—

"Not more than I can bear, dear father."

[...]

ished—once she suddenly started up in a sitting posture, as struck by a new terror, and demanded, rapidly—"Where are the children? Where—where are the children? Are they safe? were they hurt? Oh! let me see them!"

Judge Washington put his arm around her, spoke to her soothingly, pointed to the corner of the room, where by her own directions the babies had been placed in the crib at sunset, and where they now slept sweetly; then he gently laid her down—and tremblingly, faintly she murmured—

"Thank you, dear father—never mind my nervousness—it was only a dream; go, go to rest—you are so weary. Oh! let no one, still less, *you*, lose their rest for me, it will do no good."

"How do you feel, Mary?"

"Not—very—well! But go to rest, father, I will try to go to sleep." And she closed her eyes and folded her hands, but spasm after spasm oft traversed that highly flushed face, and the little hands that lay together on her bosom sometimes started and fluttered like wounded birds. Without falling asleep, she seemed to get into another delirious dream, for suddenly she started up again—her eyes wildly staring, and exclaimed with breathless haste—"Josey! Josey! where is Josey?—was he struck? is he hurt? Oh! for the Virgin's sake, tell me!"

Again the protecting arms were around her, again the re-assuring voice soothed her, and the strong but gentle hands laid her down and composed her to such rest as she could take. And seeing her close her eyes, the Judge arose softly with the intention of leaving the room and summoning the physician, who slept in the house—and was stealing from the bedside when he felt the light clasp of a child's hand upon him, and turning he saw little Josey—standing there in his white night gown—who said in the softest murmur—

"*I* will go for anything or anybody you want, grandpa."

The Judge looked at him in bewildered surprise for a second, and then murmured low—

"*You* here, my boy?"

"Oh, yes, sir, grandpa, and I know—I know you will let me stay—I will not disturb her, grandpa! I will not even speak to her, or come in her sight for fear of disturbing her. I did not speak to her even when I heard her call my name, for fear of hurting her. Will you only let me stay here, dear grandpa?"

The eyes of the Judge filled with tears, and silently pointing the boy to the chamber sofa that sat against the foot of the bed, he left the room in quest of the doctor. From the effects of a cooling and composing draught administered by the physician, Mary slept till morning, and in the morning awoke apparently better.

Early in the morning, Poll Pepper came into the room to remove the children before they should awake, lest their awakening and crying should disturb Mary. She was stealing away

[...]

Our Portrait Gallery.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

[...]

Pictures of Life.

MEMORIES OF MEXICO. AN ADVENTURE WITH ROBBERS IN THE SIERRA.

BY AN AMERICAN OFFICER.

A few weeks after the capture of the Mexican Capital by the American army, the Commander-in-Chief of the latter published a grand financial scheme to collect the taxes and other revenues of that country—partly, as was alleged, with the design of "making the enemy feel the war," but more probably with the object of raising funds, of which our troops stood much in need. To make the army a "self-sustaining machine"—I quote official phraseology—was for some time a pet idea with our General.

The scheme and the language look well on paper; but for an army that could hardly spare an outpost from its main body to attempt collecting taxes in an enemy's country, was altogether an original idea; and its originality was the best of it—for to go beyond the mere conception of such plan, proved to be one of those nice little exotic impossibilities.

[...]

"Robbers be d—d! That's all stuff and nonsense about robbers. I've made the journey a dozen times, and they've not troubled me yet."

"That ain't no reason why they mayent. You've heard the old sayin' about that ar pitcher that went to the well so often, but got broke at last?"

"Ha, ha! Well, Sergeant, I must say you're clever; But you can't scare me with robbers.—Look at these patent protectors."

I could guess, by the pause in this dialogue, that the man, whoever he was, was showing the Sergeant his weapons of defence. I stepped to the door and looked out. *It was as I had judged.* He had unbuttoned his coat, and was exhibiting what he carried underneath—a pair of revolvers and a long, bright bowie, that traversed his thigh from waist to hip. I had seen this person before, and knew his name—it was Gurley. I had heard strange stories about him—about his desperate and adventurous character. He was what is technically termed a "camp follower," but neither in the capacity of sutler, butcher nor any other employ in the army. In this respect, he was quite independent, though always travelling with the troops. There were many such, and how they managed to scrape up a living was one of our military mysteries. Some were gamblers,—dealers of *faro* and *monte*, while others could sell to you, at any time, a good horse, a gold watch, or, if need be, "shave" your pay-amount for the month. The gentleman in question was rather in the horse-trading line, and had sold some animals to officers of my own regiment. Where he had bought them, had not been asked, though strong suspicions were entertained that he had bought them too cheaply. His name was Gurley, and he claimed to be a Texan; but the Texans—many of whom were living in the same way—did not know him, and it was only after our arrival in the Valley of Mexico, that he had made his appearance in the army. He was a powerful fellow, with a sinister face, scarred all over with cuts, and stamped with souvenirs of the small pox. Yet there was a degree of desperate daring about the fellow that in some degree modified the disgust communicated by his features.

[...]

score of throats, amidst confused shouts and the quick clatter of hoofs.

I was half out of the stage, leaning over. I turned my body and looked up as before. I aimed at Gurley—at the back of his head—and pulled. There was no report, but the sharp "snick" of the hammer striking the naked nipple. My pistols were Colt's. I cocked again, the bright cylinder wheeling round to the check, and snapped a second time. To my astonishment, the result was the same. I drew back the pistol to examine it—every cap was gone! I seized the remaining weapon, and bent forward as before. The coach was surrounded by swarthy men, who pointed their carbines at myself and companions. Without hesitation, I cocked and pulled the trigger, aiming at the nearest. Again the click of the cold iron! I looked at the pistol; it, too, was without a cap, and, with a feeling of despair, I flung it into the bottom of the coach and resigned myself to my captors.

We were soon dragged out and bound; but while this operation was about being performed, what was my astonishment at seeing Gurley in the midst of a host of assailants, bravely resisting them, and firing off his pistols in the struggle. He was soon overpowered and tied. I could perceive that he had killed no one, nor did he himself appear to be injured. The robbers, however, bound him fast, as they had done the rest of us.

They then commenced rifling the stage. The boxes and packages of my companions soon littered the road; and my own baggage—a small military trunk, containing a uniform and such elegancies as I expected to stand in need of below—was thrown among the rest. The various parcels were not undone on the spot, as I expected to see them, but were packed upon mules, several of which were brought up to the ground. Our personal effects were soon fingered by our captors; and my precious cloak, my watch, and about ten doubloons—which, in the economical atmosphere of Toluca, I had contrived to save out of my pay—were taken from me with the greatest politeness and dexterity. My sword and pistols shared the same fate, and I was even reduced to the dishabille of "shirt sleeves"—one of the brigands having fancied the cut of my undress frock. In this condition I, along with my

[...]

During the next few weeks I endeavored to make up for the ascetic life which I had lately led on Tobin. I was soon hooked "out" about, though I seriously felt the loss of my small triumphs," and particularly the fairer doubtdoms."

I had not, in the midst of my revels forgotten Mr. Gorley. I had written back to Tobin declining the offer; and it began that the gentleman might make his appearance in the city while I was in it, I kept my "right eye skinned" for him. But all to no purpose. He knew that—for all his not be had compromised himself, and of course could not be shot by show his face again in the neighborhood of the army.

The diligence, however, continued to be refreshed; regularly once or three times a week, although Amerteman no longer travelled by it, except when there were half a dozen applied and well armed. They then passed through it—mountains without molestation.

The municipal government of Mexico was too weak to send an escort of the police; and the American consulate, thinking we were soon to leave the country, did not trouble his head about the matter. Still, I repeat it, I had not forgotten Mr. Gorley; and every time I unconsciously put my hand into my bosom to grasp the toy watch chain, I remembered that gentleman with a painful distinctness. I felt more revengeful towards him than all other robbers together. For the first time I should not have taken the slightest advantage of a foul thrust to be executed in such a fashion—the cape stolen from my pistols while I was "napping," and hoarsed by his scene of manful resistance towards the robbers.

The time at length arrived when I must leave the city under El Mexico, and resume my regimental. There were three older officers bound for Tobin, and the same number of ordinary men were attached to the quartermaster's. We were seven in all, and had agreed to make the journey together on horseback, as better by a way to "trail" going up the road at the time.

While preparing for my departure from the city, a grand idea—a brilliant conception, as we termed it at the time—flashed upon my mind. The brilliant conception soon became a plan matured and perfected. It was this: that we seven, or nine of us—we could easily find two others, instead of going on horseback as we had intended, would ride up in a Mexican, armed to the teeth, and take the diligence.

"Good!" cried my fellow travellers, to a man.

"Say not a word about it to any one," continued I, and see patient, each to equip himself as best he can. In an hour afterwards I had engaged a brace of Texan desperadoes—hangers-on of the army—to act as my lieutenants. They were plenty of these to be had for just such a service, but mine make a full stage load, and nine was enough for our purpose.

I then proceeded to the office of the "supreme dictatorship," and enlisting our party as escort, engaging the coach of the day following. This precaution, pursued with the idea of course, as to himself was the main issue by those robbers promised every thing to facilitate our designs. He would send his banker driver, as he was the most accomplished "whip" in Mexico. He would change no horses. In a word, he would do everything to make a seat to Lerma, and second soldiers to go on the morrow, we would not be incommoded with him—he having no baggage.

"Not in the least," I replied, "let him come along. One of us can ride on the box, and we will be a man the stronger for it. What is he? Is he well armed?"

"I do not know—I have not seen him. He brought his ticket while I was out."

"Never mind, then, we will find out in the morning. Let him come."

Mexican party to get to Tacubaya, or you need not say a word to him, and of course to no one else, about us. We will get in beyond Tacubaya. These robbers, I am told, generally have a spy, who gathers news at the diligence. It would not do if we should ride through the streets, so much as

"You are right—you are right."

"At what hour does the stage leave the city?"

"At four in the morning."

"It will pass through Tacubaya before day break?"

"It will."

"Be early, then, and give us the time to make our arrangements on the road."

"You may—good on it, Captain."

Entering our names as "Jose Antonio Diaz Gonzalez," "Juan Garcia," "Juan Maria Acosta," &c., &c., I shook the supercargo by the hand, and took my seat by my friends. We were by appointment at three o'clock in the morning and walked out along the road leading to Tacubaya, in order to "head" the stage when we had promised, on the other side of the village. We were all dressed in Mexican costume, with "serapes, calzoneras and escopes, and each armed, we had taken precautions to that end. My pair of Colt's revolvers and a bailing, carried on our persons collectively one Texas than invisible that could be delivered"—she was a Yankee, remember. Moreover, the 6, was to come well and a fighting chance possessed, we could armed; and with the "dozen." Thus armed, except in all of "long able to "whip" three, we felt satisfied" long able to "whip" three times our

We met and passed after the diligence came before Hong, and stopped to take us in.

We entered without any arrangement, as we intended to make it look when it was light, and finally concert our measures. One of the Texans ascended the box, in order not to distract our fellow passenger, who sat muffled in a corner of the coach, and who, from the admirable, if brief, *modus, salutatione*," we of course presumed was either a Spaniard or a Mexican.

We rode on for half an hour in indifferent subjects, not caring to let our new companion into the secret of our expedition until we made our luck. We intended to step on reaching the foot of the mountains. The stranger could only talk a little of Irishman in the party, the gentleman of course remained silent.

The day at length beginning to break, and the Irishman's jokes to grow drier, the officer above named, who sat opposite to the window, proposed, ing a conversation with the latter, asked him the time. The Mexican politely drew a watch from under the folds of his *serape*, and held it out still the dial to the light. I was so seated that the watch was held close to my eyes. I did not see the man's face, but I struck me all at once that I had seen that watch before. I bent over it, and found it was the Irishman's, and that it was a gold repeater, with a crack in the crystal.

"Thank you," I said, "good hour for starting." It was still but grey twilight, and the man was up to the nose in his *serape*, while a broad hat, hat, entirely shrouded the upper half his forehead to the eyes. Notwithstanding these various disadvantages, I was not to be baulked in my intentions, and as the light suddenly became clearer

"What a pity these nights so fair in these parts—and I pushed my eyes nearer and nearer. I found myself scrutinizing the watched and pitted face of—Gorley, the banker! He had recognized me almost at the same instant, and not knowing that I had succeeded in making free out, had turned away his head, and doubled the slouch of his hat over his face. Gorley was not to be let off so easily. I remembered him too well. I was sure to know that face whenever I met it again.

"How do you do?" said I, touching him on the elbow.

"My calculation, sure—" (—I do not understand you, sir."

"Come—" said I, "speak your mother tongue, my friend, it will become those broad lips of yours much better."

My companions looked at me, wondering at this odd dialogue; and then one and all faced to the stranger, and their eyes were fixed upon him in scrutinizing glances. The robber, seeing the character of the fun was about to change, and knowing that as the daylight was fast increasing, further attempts at concealment would be idle, as well as useless, suffered the *serape* to drop from his chin, and turning to me said, with an air of assumed confidence—

"Well, sir, I am speak English, if I wish to."

"I am aware of it," I replied, "having conversed with you in that language on a late occasion."

"When, sir, may I ask?"

"You do not remember, then? When you and I were both passengers on the same boat—the fellow prisoners in the mountains here—"

"Ah, yes! It was you, then!"

"It was."

"Upon my word, sir, I have good reason to remember that day. I was carried to the cabin, two bath into the hills, while you and the others were allowed to escape. I was tied ill and afterwards."

"Indeed! You do not seem to be worse for it. I must from our before leaving the part you played since I was shut up; besides that, I myself witnessed your adroit little pantomime on the stage box, and heard you shout your very appropriate and patriotic watch word, 'God and Mexico!' You do not appear to have been ill used by the robbers at all, as I perceive they have given you the principal part of the spoils taken upon that occasion. I will trouble you for my watch, Mr. Gorley."

My companions, who had been listening to our conversation, as may be supposed, with extreme interest, on hearing me pronounce the name of the robber, started as one man, and levelling simultaneously their carbines, covered him.

The man perceiving himself thus menaced, and knowing it would be idle to deny his true character any longer, lifted his hands over his head, and handed out my watch.

"I think you are indebted to me, to such a matter of twelve doubloons, or thereabouts—can you pay it conveniently now?"

"I have no money," answered the robber, doggedly.

"Produce your purse!" cried one of my companions, all of whom were now in the utmost excitement at the occasion of which they had come in search of.

The latter slowly drew forth his purse, which was, as he had affirmed, rather a light one, containing only a few dollars in silver.

"Hand out those doubloons," demanded another. The order was obeyed, the robber seeming to put on his cap, and clearing off his features, resumed his disguise. It was the die-sowing of his teeth.

We were now skirting the mountains upon which stands Jesus del Monte. Here the road enters the passes of the Sierra. It was time to make our final arrangements for receiving the robbers, as we might meet them at any moment. I put my head out of the stage, and ordered the driver to pull up. The door was opened, and we leaped out upon the road, ordering Gorley to do the same. He obeyed, evidently in great terror as his scarred face in turns became white and livid, while his lips were compressed under him.

"You are not going to murder me?" he stammered out, in a hoarse, broken voice.

"Not yet," I answered, "although you deserve to die like a dog. Come down from the box," I added, to the Texan, "and take my seat inside. Now, Mr. Gorley, get up there."

The latter, under the muzzles of half-a-dozen pistols, climbed up to the box, and sat down beside the driver. I ascended after him, and took the assistance of the latter, tied his ankles firmly together, and then lashed them to the footplank. His hands were tied behind him, as I was back railing of the seat, leaving his arms at liberty. I now mounted to the roof, and by the aid of the supercargo, gave my companions the command of the expedition, gave my companions the necessary instructions, and we were ready to engage the bandit—the day following. This plan, conceived with the idea of course, as to himself was the main issue by those robbers promised every thing to facilitate our designs. He would send his banker driver, as he was the most accomplished "whip" in Mexico. He would change no horses. In a word, he would do everything to make a seat to Lerma, and second soldiers to go on the morrow, we would not be incommoded with him—he having no baggage.

"Not in the least," I replied, "let him come along. One of us can ride on the box, and we will be a man the stronger for it. What is he? Is he well armed?"

"I do not know—I have not seen him. He brought his ticket while I was out."

"Never mind, then, we will find out in the morning. Let him come."

Mexican party to get to Tacubaya, or you need not say a word to him, and of course to no one else, about us. We will get in beyond Tacubaya. These robbers, I am told, generally have a spy, who gathers news at the diligence. It would not do if we should ride through the streets, so much as

"You are right—you are right."

"At what hour does the stage leave the city?"

"At four in the morning."

"It will pass through Tacubaya before day break?"

"It will."

"Be early, then, and give us the time to make our arrangements on the road."

"You may—good on it, Captain."

Entering our names as "Jose Antonio Diaz Gonzalez," "Juan Garcia," "Juan Maria Acosta," &c., &c., I shook the supercargo by the hand, and took my seat by my friends. We were by appointment at three o'clock in the morning and walked out along the road leading to Tacubaya, in order to "head" the stage when we had promised, on the other side of the village. We were all dressed in Mexican costume, with "serapes, calzoneras and escopes, and each armed, we had taken precautions to that end. My pair of Colt's revolvers and a bailing, carried on our persons collectively one Texas than invisible that could be delivered"—she was a Yankee, remember. Moreover, the 6, was to come well and a fighting chance possessed, we could armed; and with the "dozen." Thus armed, except in all of "long able to "whip" three, we felt satisfied" long able to "whip" three times our

We met and passed after the diligence came before Hong, and stopped to take us in.

We entered without any arrangement, as we intended to make it look when it was light, and finally concert our measures. One of the Texans ascended the box, in order not to distract our fellow passenger, who sat muffled in a corner of the coach, and who, from the admirable, if brief, *modus, salutatione*," we of course presumed was either a Spaniard or a Mexican.

We rode on for half an hour in indifferent subjects, not caring to let our new companion into the secret of our expedition until we made our luck. We intended to step on reaching the foot of the mountains. The stranger could only talk a little Spanish, and as there were but two of us—one of the officers and myself—who understood this language, and we were engaged in the role

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

No. 66 South Second Street, Third Door above Dock,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 11th, Mr. Turney and John Davis presented petitions from inventors, relating to the amendment of the Patent Laws.

Mr. Seward presented a petition from five hundred citizens of the United States, in favor of the freedom of Public Lands to actual settlers.

Mr. Cooper presented a petition from the Philadelphia and Chester counties, of Pennsylvania, for the establishment of a Navy Yard on the Delaware Bay. He stated that the interests of breadstuffs with him, whenever any petition was respectful in terms, and the subject matter within the legitimate powers of Congress, to present it. He was believed that the petitioners were a large and respectable persons, but he believed that in their petition they asked that which the people of Pennsylvania generally did not desire. He believed the time for the location of a navy yard in Pennsylvania had passed, and that the subject was settled with the settlement on the subject of Sinepuxent. He, therefore, thought he did not desire that it should be disturbed. They desire the site at Philadelphia, and he was willing to desire to stand by them, and carry them out in good faith.

The petitions were referred to the Judicial Committee.

Mr. Cooper presented a number of petitions against the establishment of the Decimal System.

Laid on the table. Also, a large number of petitions against the Fugitive Slave Law, and the Wilmot Proviso. A large number of petitions were presented in favor.

The Bill granting to Wisconsin a donation of public land to construct a Railroad passing in that State through the forfeiture of Public Lands to actual settlers.

Mr. Underwood moved to take up the Joint Resolution from the House, authorizing an assignment of military bounty land warrants.—ayes 17, nays 25.

The Senate then took up the Bill to cede public lands of the United States, respectively to the several States within which they are situated.

Mr. Felch resumed his speech in opposition to the Bill. He contended that the Bill was, in the present system of the disposing of the public lands would be a violation of the spirit of the Constitution and loss to the Government, and the people of this country. He contended that the States have incurred their all to land, from the reason that the Federal Government would not permit them to become contributors to the cost of the Revolution. He investigated the doctrine that the right to the implies an equity, and that the equity is equal, and pronounced it wholly untenable.

Mr. Walker replied to Mr. Felch in defense of the general principles of the Bill. Such contributions as Mr. Felch had referred to were objects of improvement for debt, and gave a resident to a general benefit. He reviewed the Constitution and the cessions from the inland lakes. He contended that none had a right to expect to be free from clothing and shelter, and that the Government should distribute these wants of the people. He contended that the Government was not selling the rights, wealth, trade, commerce and manufactures were the chief boundary considered. He proceeded at length to show that Congress had the right to grant the public lands to the States for the agricultural purposes. He concluded by offering the floor to Mr. Norris, who moved to adjourn, which was agreed to.

On the 13th, Mr. Dickinson presented three petitions against assuming the debts of the States.

Mr. Clay presented three petitions from Indiana, praying that Congress would take such steps to remove all those free colored persons in the United States, who were willing to emigrate, and that provision be made for their support for one year after their arrival in Liberia. The Bill from the House to relinquish to Missouri the right of the United States to the sixteenth section in lieu thereof.

Mr. Pratt presented his speech in opposition to the Bill. He contended that the Bill was in the present system of the disposing of the public lands would be a violation of the spirit of the Constitution and loss to the Government, and the people of this country. He contended that the States have incurred their all to land, from the reason that the Federal Government would not permit them to become contributors to the cost of the Revolution. He investigated the doctrine that the right to the implies an equity, and that the equity is equal, and pronounced it wholly untenable.

Mr. Walker replied to Mr. Felch in defense of the general principles of the Bill. Such contributions as Mr. Felch had referred to were objects of improvement for debt, and gave a resident to a general benefit. He reviewed the Constitution and the cessions from the inland lakes. He contended that none had a right to expect to be free from clothing and shelter, and that the Government should distribute these wants of the people. He contended that the Government was not selling the rights, wealth, trade, commerce and manufactures were the chief boundary considered. He proceeded at length to show that Congress had the right to grant the public lands to the States for the agricultural purposes. He concluded by offering the floor to Mr. Norris, who moved to adjourn, which was agreed to.

On the 14th, Mr. Dickinson presented three petitions against assuming the debts of the States.

Mr. Clay presented three petitions from Indiana, praying that Congress would take such steps to remove all those free colored persons in the United States, who were willing to emigrate, and that provision be made for their support for one year after their arrival in Liberia. The Bill from the House to relinquish to Missouri the right of the United States to the sixteenth section in lieu thereof.

Mr. Pratt presented his speech in opposition to the Bill. He contended that the Bill was in the present system of the disposing of the public lands would be a violation of the spirit of the Constitution and loss to the Government, and the people of this country. He contended that the States have incurred their all to land, from the reason that the Federal Government would not permit them to become contributors to the cost of the Revolution. He investigated the doctrine that the right to the implies an equity, and that the equity is equal, and pronounced it wholly untenable.

Mr. Walker replied to Mr. Felch in defense of the general principles of the Bill. Such contributions as Mr. Felch had referred to were objects of improvement for debt, and gave a resident to a general benefit. He reviewed the Constitution and the cessions from the inland lakes. He contended that none had a right to expect to be free from clothing and shelter, and that the Government should distribute these wants of the people. He contended that the Government was not selling the rights, wealth, trade, commerce and manufactures were the chief boundary considered. He proceeded at length to show that Congress had the right to grant the public lands to the States for the agricultural purposes. He concluded by offering the floor to Mr. Norris, who moved to adjourn, which was agreed to.

On the 15th, Mr. Dickinson presented three petitions against assuming the debts of the States.

Mr. Clay presented three petitions from Indiana, praying that Congress would take such steps to remove all those free colored persons in the United States, who were willing to emigrate, and that provision be made for their support for one year after their arrival in Liberia. The Bill from the House to relinquish to Missouri the right of the United States to the sixteenth section in lieu thereof.

Mr. Pratt presented his speech in opposition to the Bill. He contended that the Bill was in the present system of the disposing of the public lands would be a violation of the spirit of the Constitution and loss to the Government, and the people of this country. He contended that the States have incurred their all to land, from the reason that the Federal Government would not permit them to become contributors to the cost of the Revolution. He investigated the doctrine that the right to the implies an equity, and that the equity is equal, and pronounced it wholly untenable.

Mr. Walker replied to Mr. Felch in defense of the general principles of the Bill. Such contributions as Mr. Felch had referred to were objects of improvement for debt, and gave a resident to a general benefit. He reviewed the Constitution and the cessions from the inland lakes. He contended that none had a right to expect to be free from clothing and shelter, and that the Government should distribute these wants of the people. He contended that the Government was not selling the rights, wealth, trade, commerce and manufactures were the chief boundary considered. He proceeded at length to show that Congress had the right to grant the public lands to the States for the agricultural purposes. He concluded by offering the floor to Mr. Norris, who moved to adjourn, which was agreed to.

On the 16th, Mr. Dickinson presented three petitions against assuming the debts of the States.

Mr. Clay presented three petitions from Indiana, praying that Congress would take such steps to remove all those free colored persons in the United States, who were willing to emigrate, and that provision be made for their support for one year after their arrival in Liberia. The Bill from the House to relinquish to Missouri the right of the United States to the sixteenth section in lieu thereof.

Mr. Pratt presented his speech in opposition to the Bill. He contended that the Bill was in the present system of the disposing of the public lands would be a violation of the spirit of the Constitution and loss to the Government, and the people of this country. He contended that the States have incurred their all to land, from the reason that the Federal Government would not permit them to become contributors to the cost of the Revolution. He investigated the doctrine that the right to the implies an equity, and that the equity is equal, and pronounced it wholly untenable.

Mr. Walker replied to Mr. Felch in defense of the general principles of the Bill. Such contributions as Mr. Felch had referred to were objects of improvement for debt, and gave a resident to a general benefit. He reviewed the Constitution and the cessions from the inland lakes. He contended that none had a right to expect to be free from clothing and shelter, and that the Government should distribute these wants of the people. He contended that the Government was not selling the rights, wealth, trade, commerce and manufactures were the chief boundary considered. He proceeded at length to show that Congress had the right to grant the public lands to the States for the agricultural purposes. He concluded by offering the floor to Mr. Norris, who moved to adjourn, which was agreed to.

On the 17th, the Chair laid before the Senate a communication from the War Department, enclosing a report of the Topographical Engineers on the termination of the lower Mississippi. Ordered to be printed.

Mr. Cass presented the credentials of Mr. Brodhead, elected Senator from Pennsylvania for the short March 4, 1851.

Mr. Clay presented a petition for the appointment of a Board of Appraisers at large, and for other purposes. The petition pointed out the evils of the present law and system of Appraisers, and the loss that is presenting petitions, nothing was to oppose the petition, but that the contents of the petition were false, and that the petitioners were in some extent. He Bill would be a remedy to some things in regard to the petitioners' statements. The valuation, in the Chair—This Chair has made such a decision.

Mr. Foote—Then the Senator is at liberty to go on and lay on the table the petitions praying the legislation of Congress.

Mr. Hale—I assure the Senate that I will not go one-tenth the extent in confirming the law as the Senator from Mississippi did in his remonstrance of an action of Congress, at the last session, in regard to the public printer. [Laughter.]

Mr. Foote—I was very wrong, I know. [Laughter.]

Mr. Hale—I think the Senator from Kentucky, in his remarks this morning, was wholly mistaken in saying that the petitions he presented recommended the raising of duties.

Mr. Foote—I call the Senator to order. It was not in order to discuss the subject of colonization on the motion to print.

The Chair said the Senator from Maine was in order.

Mr. Hale—I have to say is that I am glad that I have elected such a leader regret for the freedom of debate.

Mr. Whitcomb moved that the petition be laid on the table.

Mr. Turney said other petitions had been received, and why should not this lie?

Mr. Foote demanded the yeas and nays, which were ordered.

The roll was called, and many Senators present did not vote.

Before the vote was announced, Mr. Foote demanded an enforcement of the rule which required every Senator to vote.

The Chair said the rule was aimed at him, he would say that he did not vote, and had not voted, and he would not.

Mr. Foote insisted on the enforcement of the rule.

Mr. Yulee said he

Selected Poetry.

From an Early Magazine.

THE DEVIL OF NAMES.

A LEGEND.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

At an old-fashioned inn with a penchant upon—
Upon good old English, a land of beer, or the hour,
But somewhat more of the slightest "design"—
Were collected by chance all the varieties under
While the villagers, drinking, still playing "skittles,"
And cracking small jokes, with occasional oaths,
Were merry, sometimes, and learning, not—sincere
Of similar topics a hot-coun salutes,
But which did generally greatly displease,
Till to they grew high in their hackneyed revels,
They fell to bantering of witches and Gerdon—

A neat single rap,
Just the ghost of a tap,
That would scarcely have wakened a flea from his
nap,
Not a gli in a second like your "Rochester Knock-
er,"
(Where none of heels are distantly dashing)
But twice as mysterious and vastly more shocking,
Was heard at the door by the people within.
Who stopped in a moment their clamorous din,
And looked at each other with wondering eyes.
Where what should appear
But an oddish-looking stranger at the door—
(He seemed at the least in his sixtieth year)
And he lingered in a manner exceedingly queer
Were bunches luxuriousness wide in the rear.
And his nose was deeply set with a crimson stain;
And he had in his eye a most villainous leer.
Quite enough to make any one tremble with fear.

Wherein he cried,
And what was his name,
And what the purpose of entering old,
And whether his innocence was genuine or not,
Or merely began from nothing should be,
Were questions answered in a great deal of doubt—
Which, to say the truth,
With a sensible air,
Like that which your "Uncle" is accustomed to
wear,
Or a banker determined to sell you a share
In his splendid "Five Hundred Dollar Property" also.
He opened his mouth and went on to declare
That he was a dentist—The devil you say!
Cried one of the guests assembled there.
Who a sudden alarm and a frightened stare.
"Nay, don't be alarmed," the stranger exclaims,
"As the name of the Devil is the Devil of Names."

You'll wonder why
I'm going to say
In the very fullest and frankest way,
All about my losses and gains,
Projects and plans and objects and aims,
And why I prefer "The Devil of Names"
I shout by false graces,
And dogmatic deeds,
And backbiting praises,
And by unjust and unlawful gains,
To give you a sample,
By way of example,
Here's a bottle before me, well sail to a T
For a sure toothache cure (super, of cor.
In the water of drink though hopers again
"Drink it daily, drink it in pure water,"
I know what I swallow's sufficient for me!
The Medicine of the sick and critters and sinners
I find soft words and sincere intent
The Medicine devoted to Satan's games
Gamblers, Drunkards and Thieves and Dans
By another endorsement of same again,
They're honored only by "nothing else"—
A phrase which must a quantity buy,
In spite of the new Bank Acts or Acts
To whom his signature more large
To the detriment of every good party
The nerve to be "a little gained,"
And solen various vagrancy down
By coolly speaking of non-existences,

There's cheating and lying
And all sorts of frauds and dishonest practices
I'm tempted to be ashamed of my calling
Merely by naming them—business name
There's cheating, "business" and "fraud" and then
By another endorsement of same again,
They're honored only by "nothing else"—
A phrase which must a quantity buy,
In spite of the new Bank Acts or Acts
To whom his signature more large
To the detriment of every good party
The nerve to be "a little gained,"
And solen various vagrancy down
By coolly speaking of non-existences,

The Boston street
Is a theatre where the freshest conspicuous
Yet an increasingly proper from medical taste,
By the charm of a name and a penny To Dress—
Yet they patronize writers and handsomely pay for
Respectable of "Dr. Hornbook"—a "good" father
enough"
And here's one of a hundred—Museum
Where those who love plays may exquisitely are met
The theatre which is open and ready to greet
Be there the truth or not there's a bubble.
I come to a stand-still nearly closed
The common cash of The Devil of Names
There's Charity, too—

But the picture was done
Long old Grinder Medeya when scarcely began,
The devil's face in its severe looking
Had set on a morning, not regular practice,
Our host of Jonathan Dempster, by chance
As a home customer of the comforting crew
And the devil had visited him in a dream
A look I suspect that he wished to play him

A Capital Story.

THE DANGEROUS BEAUTIES.

[Those of our readers who are disappointed at seeing a story from this popular source find in the humorous matter, will please read the story, and then see that they will continue to be giving more such than ever to Fathom than usual. It is from the German of F. Stolle.]

The lovely Wilhelmine, just in her eighteenth year, the daughter of the poor clergyman's widow, sang upon her mother's knee, and found a kind comfort her in vain. At last I grew a little impatient, and exclaimed:

"I don't know exactly see what this great misfortune is, which you lament so."

"Cruel!"

"A week is not an eternity."

"The daughter of the Countess are very beautiful," sobbed she.

"And if they were angels, just come down from the blessed mansions of Malcolmi, what then? I'll only look at them, and then away."

"They are rich, and the noblest again."

"Hunker not after riches, which the most treasure," I replied, strong in Scripture.

"I have the most unbecomingly forebodings, said Wilhelmine mournfully.

"It is always so at engagements," returned I: "one is prone to fear the worst."

"Your mind is troubled."

"Stone and iron are nothing to him," was my reply; "I declared to him I could not possibly marry either of the Miss Alexanders. And we parted them since, said he, 'and I regret you will be of a different opinion.'"

"There it is!" cried Wilhelmine, sorrowfully, and clung more around my neck; "do not leave me!"

"But what can I do?" I answered; "no, sister's not an impossibility; if I refuse to accede to it, it will excite suspicion. My second father [intended that I should marry Miss Amelia, because I have never seen them; all he desires is that I should see them, nothing more. Cannot I grant him this satisfaction? Besides, this extreme weather is fair and mild; I get free from the confining house, and have a pleasant time of it."

"And you will forget me," said the dear girl reproachfully.

"My heart and my thoughts are with you always," I said, in a soothing tone; "so you must have no easy fair hour me."

When Wilhelmine heard that I was resolved to comply with my uncle's wishes, and start the next day for Worms, where the rich Countess had daughters, with his three fair daughters, so, sighed, she resigned herself to the inevitable. I was obliged, however, to promise over and over again that nothing should shake my fidelity.

When all possible solemnity, and my right hand raised on high, I swore, in the light of the moon, by sky, where only a few stars were visible, to be true to her. Then followed a long embrace, an endless kiss, and the parting word off more happily than I had expected.

The next morning I set out in a one-horse vehicle for the beautiful country. But first I had a grand audience with my honored uncle. "You will not forget this trip, Frank," said he; "the maidens are beautiful, intelligent, and well read. You will find there an adjustable piano, such as you are accustomed to see in concerts. You may take all your learning with you. Just remember, too, they will have much her three thousand florins; just take care and bring me home a nice little golden daughter-in-law, and you will take you from the firm. In a year or so I shall retire, and you are a made man, and can sit at ease and laugh at all the world. My mind still flutters in the office, but as its heart lies on this connection.—Every more I set off in right humor. I threw on my legs of as get my wife. The old people were opposed to it, and said, 'Let him alone. Fortune fire right before you—seize it at once.'

"Strike it at once," said I to myself, as I reclined; "that is soon said, but my hands are tied. good uncle, and on is my heart, too; and even if I could get free, I could not consent to make my fortune in this way. These forced marriage ties, woven by a third hand, I hate them; it is a desecration of that union which should be formed only by being hearts. As I am determined to have my Wilhelmine, and please my uncle, I will take my legs off